

# Yukmouth, It's In My Blood, Part 2

\*(DMG)\*

Yeah.

Make sure that shit be playin real loud.  
(Me and Yuk you know.)

Verse 1 \*(DMG)\*

Uh  
now once again  
me and my nigga  
It's In My Blood  
we straight killas  
I be the D and to the M an the M and to the G  
comin from the M-P-L-S, S-T-P  
all say it wit me  
St. Paulin  
southside niggas  
forever ballin  
lead you to the circle, meet niggas wit purple eyes  
can't forget my niggas who live on the north side  
Could you club what?  
G-D's  
throw up yo fins nigga  
it's all mighty  
now what it is, it's part two nigga  
it's brand new (brand new)  
juss fo' you  
Now where you from nigga?  
I'm from the Mid-West  
Who want some nigga?  
I leave yo shit wet  
Now is it you nigga?  
You got the balls?  
Well bring it on nigga, I kills em all  
I thought you knew nigga  
Oh you ain't hear the first?  
It's In My Blood nigga  
but now it's way worse  
It's In My Blood.

(It's In My mutha fuckin Blood! Nigga!)

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

It's In My Blood  
smokin sweets, drink 40's to the suds  
and fuckin wit these thugs nigga  
It's In My Blood  
you wonder why us niggas be hustalas  
and out there sellin drugs nigga  
It's In My Blood  
that drug money, stuff that shit up under the rug  
and make them cops bug nigga  
It's In My Blood  
niggas like me turn niggas like you into hustalas  
fuckin wit thugs, fuckin wit us!

Verse 2 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Regime life  
shit trife nigga  
slangin China white at night  
get light nigga

2 point 2 pounds of white  
my shit tight nigga  
What yo grip like?  
Ship like a half a million when I'm fuckin wit mics  
bustin on mics  
wit 5 mics to back it  
kick the acrofacts on the cracks while my nigga D flip it backwards  
Regime killas nigga  
the captain  
the king of crack and still rappin, bubble up makin moves  
you niggas still jackin  
that's why I'm livin ill, steel packin  
dive on top of niggas and feel like Action Jackson, wit my 9 mill  
blastin  
a real assassin, juss invite me to your mansion homie  
I bet a nigga'll come back that same night as a mask man demandin money  
pandamony  
see my fam is hungry  
eat a can of phony emcees, then dump they ass in San Antoni  
cuz niggas bologney like Oscar Myers  
Mobb attire  
makin cops retire the way I, hurdle over barber wire  
fence this  
I pimp shit  
relentless  
the Guinness Book World Record holder, for fuckin over the most bitches  
Regime shit, the thug preachable  
individual-ly, put niggas faces up on the obituals  
I was taught to get the doe  
It's In My Blood since I was crawlin on the rug  
and pops was in the kitchen rockin up drugs  
Yes sir!  
Back then, I knew who I was, a thug  
and still a thug until they make me feel the slugs nigga  
It's In My Blood!

\*(Chorus)\* 2x